

Select Poetry.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

England's sun was setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filled the land with misty beauty at the close of day;
And the last rays kindled the forehead of a man
And maiden fair—
He with step slow and weary, she with sunny,<
Smiling hair—
He with bowed head, and sad thoughtful, she
With lips o' cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew
must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing
To the prison old,
With her walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark
And damp and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very
night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly
Crown will not come till sunset," and her face
Grew strangely white.
As she spoke in husky whispers—"Curfew must
not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, "every word
I heard of your young heart,
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly
poisoned dart;
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from
that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the
twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and
right,
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew
must ring to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and
white her throat and brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made
a solemn vow:
She had listened while the judges read, without
a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Bessie Underwood
must die!"
And her breath came fast and faster, and her
eyes grew large and bright,
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew
must not ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, spring
within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod
so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with
check and pale complexion,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell
swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, with-
out a ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying "Curfew shall
not ring to-night."

She had reached the topmost ladder, o'er her
hanging the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the path-
way down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the
hour of Curfew now,
And the night has called her bosom, stopped her
breath and chilled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash
with sudden fire,
At the spring and grasps it firmly—"Curfew
shall not ring to-night!"

On the way, far out, the city seemed a tiny
speck below;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the
bell swung to and fro;
And the half-drawn curtain ringing (years he had
not heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rung upon
Bessie's funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow
so pale and white,
Still her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew
shall not ring to-night!"

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the
maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hun-
dred years before,
Human foot had not been planted; and what she
thought had done,
Should be told long ages after—as the rays of
setting sun,
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged eyes
with tears of white,
Tell the children why the Curfew did not ring
that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw
him, and her brow,
Lately white with shuddering horror, glows with
mild and happy now;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands
all bruised and torn,
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a
look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—"let his eyes
with mellow light,
"Go, your lover lives," cried Cromwell, "Curfew
shall not ring to-night."

THE BELLE OF MONTEREY.

The Monterey of twenty-five years ago
was a vastly different town from the Monterey
of to-day. The silent streets, now the almost
exclusive property of geese,
cows, and domestic fowls, then echoed to the
ringing hoofs of the grays, attired ca-
balloons; the uniform of the English and
American naval officer contrasted with the
glad black mantilla and the pretty
serenita; the guitar tinkled on moonlit
nights under the lattice of the dark-eyed
belle; and the romance of Spanish life
mingled with the bustle and activity of a
prosperous sea-port town. Now, an un-
tenanted harbor, a mass of half-ruined un-
occupied buildings, and a drowsy air of
neglect and indifference, constitute the
modern Monterey. Still, the roses and the
tall bell-towers cling lovingly to the
adobe walls, and peep in through the low
windows; but the blushing, olive-cheeked
girl that offered them to the lounging
woozers at the garden gates twenty-five
years ago have grown into dowdy matrons,
wrinkled by family cares. The margin
is washed by the spring-tides, which know
no change, murmur yet as of old on the
ocean beach.

With all its dreary somnolence, there is
a charm about the old town, sitting like
some old widow by the sea, mourning the
commerce which has deserted her, and yet,
in all her grief, Enoch Arden like, hoping
and waiting for a call, and seeing
The great stars that glided themselves in heaven,
The blue-bellied ocean, and again
The starry sails of commerce—but no sail.
Slowly in the bay sunk the evening sun

on the 24th of December, 1848. Across
the waters streamed its last golden and
purple rays, glistening on the wet sands,
tenderly shimmering through the branches
of the oak that stood in the old Spanish
grave-yard, and disappearing among the
pines that sentinelled the hill-tops in the
background.

Maria Ignacia Gomez, as the angelus
bell rung out from the Mission church,
crossed herself devoutly, for a moment for-
getting the rose-vice that climbed to the
red-tiled roof of her low, long dwelling.
And as she stood in the garden, with
crossed hands and large brown eyes split-
ter, her black shawl drooping from her
graceful shoulders, and her red lips mov-
ing in prayer, a painter could desire no
better model for a Madonna or an Evan-
gelist, for the face had all the sweetness of
the one, with the resigned expression of
patient waiting of the other. A sour-
looking, querulous looking face appeared at
the deep window.

"Come here, Maria," 'tis supper-time."
"Yes, Madama," and Maria, secur-
ing the erratic vine to a nail in the adobe
wall, entered the house.
Ten years before the date of our story,
when Maria's sweet womanhood was at its
dawn, for many a mile rode in the youth
of the southern country to catch a glimpse
of and exchange a word with the belle of
Monterey. A rose-bud from her fingers
was a rare gift, to be carefully preserved
and worn with pride, and a kind glance
from her brown eyes sent the recipient
back to his rancho on the Salinas a happy
man. Never a cloud rested on that calm,
earnest face, nor passion found a moment's
harbor in her breast.

But at last her sorrow came, in this
wise: In June, 1838, the stout ship De-
light furler her canvas and dropped her
anchor in the Bay of Monterey. She was
owned by the great Hudson's Bay Company,
and was bound north to drain the
company on the Fraser and Columbia rivers
of their valuable furs which lay in their
store-houses. The supercargo of the De-
light, James Gilmour, was a son of the
vice president of this opulent corporation,
and showing a positive disinclination for
each and all of the learned professions, and
expressing a hearty contempt for the hum-
drum life of Europe, had been sent by his
father to the Pacific shores, to drink his
fill of the adventures for which he thirsted.
He was a youth of a singular force of
character, very undemonstrative, and pos-
sessing some decided opinions of the dilan-
tancy which had won for him in his uni-
versity days the title of The Radical. The
unanimous verdict of the jury of old wise-
heads to whom Gilmour, senior, had ap-
pealed for his opinion of his son's character,
was that James was talented, but odd—
an eccentric young man, in fact—who,
unless travel tempted him down, would
never be an acquisition to the merchant
office within whose dusty precincts his
father had amassed a bulky fortune. So
James found himself aboard the Delight,
anchored in the Bay of Monterey, and,
though nominally supercargo, really in
that tangled maze of a young man in pur-
suit of a vocation.

"Captain Brown," said Gilmour, after
that worthy seaman had squared the yards to
his satisfaction, got his fancy waist-
clothes at the gangway, and inspected the
fitting-out of the good clothes, which a
merchant vessel done in port—"do you
know any of the inhabitants of this odd-
looking village on the hill-side?"

"Village! Mr. Gilmour, I pray you
don't call this a village. This is a city,
sir—the first city in California—and if I
mistake not," continued the captain, "yen-
der at the custom-house stands the alcalde,
a hospital gentleman to whom our com-
pany is indebted for many favors."

A few moments afterward, both speak-
ers were heartily greeted by that official,
who, as the boat's keel grated on the sand,
welcomed them to Monterey.
Among the many young and pretty
Spanish girls whom Gilmour met in Mon-
terey was Maria Ignacia. A spirit of
rivalry induced him to throw himself into
the list with the Spanish gallants who
strove for the fair Maria's smiles. He
was more than successful. The difference
of his manner, his recital of adventures in
Europe, and descriptions of the grand
places of history, were something new to
Maria, so totally different from the
stereotyped compliments of her wooers,
that she found a charm in his society
which, in her innocence, she ascribed not
to conceit. But the end came at last. The
Delight was to proceed northward, and the
supercargo prepared to take leave of all
his Spanish friends.

"And so, Maria," said Gilmour, on the
evening preceding his departure, "our
pleasant visit comes to an end. Well, I
have improved my Spanish, and you, lit-
tle Madonna, if ever the fates take you to
England, will recognize the abbey and the
church of London by my descriptions."

Maria Ignacia did not reply, but stoop-
ed to pick up an abalone shell, which, wet
and sherry, lay in the sand at her feet.
"And now, Maria, I have only one re-
quest to make, which our charming ac-
quaintance warrants. It has three parts,
however—a souvenir from this dark hill
of yours; a letter, now and then, when
you weary of your Monterey lovers, and
wish to talk to me across the water; and
—a kiss."

Still no answer from the girl, who,
with eyes cast down, strolled along by his
side.
"Then I shall take it for granted that
my prayers prevail, Maria!"
Her soft eyes were raised to his, and he
was surprised to find how pale the face
was, and how moist the rounded cheek.

He raised her lips to his with a half-sigh,
and then, as if a new thought had sud-
denly struck him, said, abruptly, half to
himself and half to her:
"Good God! it can't be so; Maria! Tell me—do you love me?"
The wonderful passion in the full brown
eyes, so tender and despairing, told him
all; and when, like a foolish young man,
he took her in his arms, and swore all the
oaths that all lovers have so often sworn
and so often broken; and when they
struggled back over the sands, Maria's tears
were gone, and James Gilmour clasped
the hand of his promised wife.

This was all the romance in Maria's
life. The next day the Delight sailed,
and for ten years neither ship nor super-
cargo were heard of in Monterey. But
she never married. She had a strange way
of every evening walking o' the hill-top
where the old fort stood, and looking
wistfully out across the water; then sor-
rowfully and resignedly returning to her
home, nursing her invalid and sour-tem-
pered mother, and training the roses ab-
out the adobe walls.

On this Christmas eve, Maria Ignacia,
kneeling before her old-fashioned engrav-
ing of the Madonna, thought of the man-
ner in Bethlehem centuries ago, and won-
dered sorrowfully if James Gilmour was
enjoying in his English home the Christ-
mas-trees and the mistletoe, and all those
games he had told her of when they had
walked on the sands ten years ago. And
then her thoughts went back to that June
evening when he kissed her lips and called
her his wife.

Boom! boom! boom! through the still
night air.
Maria opened her window and looked
out. A party of Portuguese whalers went
rapidly by, and she learned from their ex-
cited exclamations that a ship had gone
ashore on the Point Pinos rocks.

"May God and the Virgin succor
them!" she murmured piously, as she
hurried to wrap her shawl around her,
and was soon in the street.
Everyone was stir. Men on horseback
with ropes rode furiously along the beach
and toward the Point; the whalers man-
nued their boats, set their sails, and sped
before the blast toward the moonlit wa-
ter. They were all too late. The cruel,
pointed rocks had torn the ill-fated vessel
to fragments; and the breakers dashed
with spar and mast, now flinging them
high up on the beach, and again drawing
them back to hurl them once more against
the brown cliffs. But not a single body
did the waves throw up that night.

Christmas Day dawned, and when Maria
Ignacia Gomez looked from her win-
dow down to the crescent beach, she
saw a crowd of men standing about some-
thing. They lifted it up and bore it
through the street, and to her door, for
hers was the house nearest the beach.
"Is he dead?" she asked, fearfully.
"When we first saw him," said a whaler,
"he was clinging to a spar, and before
we got the boat out he was washed ashore."

They laid him on a bed. His dark
head was full of sand and weeds, and a
white froth issued from his lips; a sleek
built man—handsome, no doubt, whose
eyes, now staring so blindly, had light
and life, and whose well-cut lips
moved and smiled.

"Maria—Maria, what ails you?"
She was standing by the bedside, her
hands crossed over her breast; her eyes
as fixed and vacant as the dead before her.

"O, my beloved!" she moaned, laying
her white face on his bruised and stained
breast; "at last, after so many years."
And then she smoothed back the tangled
hair, and wiped the foam from the livid
lips, and straightened out the limbs of
him who had come to seek her after so
long.

For it was her great consolation that
he had been true even to death. They
buried him behind the old fort, and Maria
took up the thread of her life again. And
now the roses were doubly dear to her,
for they were for his grave.

A Just English Criticism.

An English weekly gives the following
edifying notice of a recent American pub-
lication:

"Of Miss Anne's *Outlines of Men, Wo-
men, and Things*, we cannot speak in com-
parative terms. The writer has con-
siderably little of people worth knowing;
she is by no means terse and lively in
telling what she does know; and Mr. Field
would have compressed all she has to say
into a single chapter. Her first paper was
"Arlington," displays a temper of which
we should hope that, even in America,
only a woman would be capable. The
description of the former residence of Gen-
eral Lee—now a military cemetery—is
made an occasion for an insult to the mid-
dle of the noblest soldier and gentleman
America ever produced, hardly paralleled
even by Butler's brutal taunt to the sick
wife of General Beauregard; and General
Lee himself is reviled in terms which, if
they represent any widespread feeling in
the North, must make reconciliation and
reunion impossible so long as Southerners
retain the pride of manhood or the common
feelings of humanity. We could wish to
see the fitting chastisement of this out-
rage on truth and decency administered
by some respectable organ of American
opinion.

There is a good deal of sound wisdom
in the suggestion of the farmer: "If you
want your boy to stay at home, don't bear
too hard on the grindstone while he turns
the crank."

Agricultural.

The Object in Applying Manure.

This is a question too little discussed,
and too frequently ignored by the every-
day farmer. Too many work in a some-
what aimless manner in the application of
fertilizers. If a definite object is had in
view, there seems to be an indefinite idea
that object is to be attained with a
considerable class, and thus they work
less understandingly, and oftentimes to a
considerable loss in several days. One
man has a view the permanent improve-
ment of the productiveness of his soil,
and at the same time he is desirous of
immediate returns from the present crop.
Another has in view the growing of the
largest possible crop, leaving the perma-
nent improvement of the soil as a second-
ary consideration; and so on to the end
of the chapter.

The varieties of soil—sandy loam, light
sand, clayey loam, or clay, stony, gravelly
loam—are differently constituted, and
each is better adapted to some special crop
than the other; some of them are what
we term "light" soils, while others are
"medium" or "heavy." Now the sulti-
vator of each of these varying soils wishes
to attain a specific object in its culture,
and to that end he applies fertilizers and
grows a crop which he finds, from experi-
ence, that his soil is adapted to. Scarcely
any one at all experienced would think
that the same object would be attained by
applying manure in the same state, in the
same manner, to each and all of these
varying soils. Local experience and cir-
cumstances always best determine the manner
of application of manure, and in the dis-
cussion of the subject, all these matters
should be considered; but my questions
remain: What is the object in applying
manure? Should we let any other object
take precedence of the presence of the
present crop? One crop is certainly all
we are assured. If we apply manure to
plowed and hoed ground, it cannot be
done without in some way permanently
improving the same, for the aeration causes
the manure and soil to act chemically,
producing the improvement.—*Cor. Country
Gentleman.*

How to Feed Corn Stalks Profitably.

The rearing and feeding of animals are
receiving, as they should, from farmers
and herdsmen in all parts of the country,
greater attention every year; and espe-
cially in this true of dairymen, whose
only hope of gain rests in their success in
obtaining paying yields from their cows.
Corn stalks enter largely into the fall feed
of dairy cows, and how to feed them is the
important question. The common
practice is to feed them in the bundle, as
but few farmers feel able or willing to use
a cutting-machine. The feeding in a
bundle without any preparation, I am
fully satisfied, is very wasteful, as not only
are the butts left, but frequently near the
whole stalk. I have learned by ex-
perience that a little brine sprinkled upon
stalks once every day just before feeding,
is of material advantage in many respects.
The weak brine will cause the cows to
consume tearfully all, even when fed whole;
the flow of milk increases, the condition
of the cows improve, and they show great
contentment; especially in this last re-
mark turn on cold, windy, and rainy days.
I find it much better as a general rule,
when it can be done, to feed salt on the
food, instead of feeding it alone. In no
case should more than one day be per-
mitted to pass without bringing the morning's
feed. The brine should not be strong,
only enough to furnish sufficient salt to
the cows. Of course the sops should
have access to plenty of water; this brine
food will cause them to drink more, and
thus increase the flow of milk. Let my
brothers try this and they will hereafter
place a great value upon corn stalks.
—*Live Stock, Farm, and Poultry Journal.*

How to Cure Split Hoof.

I had a horse that had both hoofs split
from top to bottom. He could not walk
without his feet spreading apart. I kept
him for three months on straw one foot
deep in the stable, but all did no good.
At last I went to the blacksmith shop and
had heavy shoes made which spread wide
at the heels. To these heavy shoes there
was welded, at the outside of each heel, a
piece made of shoe-nail iron. These pieces
were made to fit well around the foot, a-
bout an inch below the hair. I let the
pieces come together within half an inch,
and turned up about three eighths of an
inch. In the turned-up part a hole was
made to receive a bolt an inch long, with
a square head and screw and nut on the
other end. On nailing the shoes on and
putting the bolt in and screwing on the
nut, the foot was brought together. In
this way, I was enabled to work him
every day if I wished. Previous to this
my horse had not walked a mile in three
months. Next day after I had the shoes
put on I drove him in a carriage twenty
miles, and I have used him right along.
—*Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

Two thousand dollars is a pretty high
price to pay for a single rooster. That is
what Mr. Davis, of Portland, has just
given to Ira Batchelder for a black Spanish
cock—considered the best game bird in
the country.

It is proposed to cultivate figs for fit-
tening hogs in southern California.

The Responsibility of Women.

Under the above caption *Appleton's
Journal*, of a recent date, contains an ar-
ticle which harmonizes so completely with
our own views, some of which were sug-
gested in a recent editorial, and which are
so appropriate to the present condition of
society, that we shall make copious ex-
tracts from it.

It is certainly far better to prevent bad
habits by proper "home rule," than to
engage in the ineffectual effort of breaking
up the sale of liquor whilst the demand
for it is so great. Let mothers and wives
furnish happy, cheerful homes for their
sons and husbands, and the "infernal
traffic" will cease in a large degree for
want of customers.

It is offered as an excuse for the recent
very extraordinary proceedings against
liquor sellers, that women are peculiarly
sufferers from intemperance among men.
The drinking-shop, it is alleged, seduces
husbands and sons from their homes,
tempts them to the spending of wages
needed in their households, and is the
fruitful cause of vast domestic misery,
which falls heavily upon the women of the
family.

No doubt, this is true. But we accuse
women of being specially responsible for
this condition of things. We charge that
men, especially young men, are seduced to
the drinking-shop because they possess su-
perior attractions to their homes. We in-
dict women, both as mothers and as wives,
for such neglect of their duties that their
husbands and sons have been driven a-
broad, in the pursuit of those pleasures
and felicities that women are under moral
obligation to provide in the household.

When we hear a woman complain that
her sons have drifted away from the do-
minion of her influence; that, while edu-
cated at her side, they have come to pre-
fer the companionship of the vicious to that
of her—then we know that this mother
has been unequal to the duty imposed up-
on her. Where there are no distinctly
inherited depravities, there has been some
lack of neglect in the home training that
has permitted this deplorable result to come
about.

When we hear of the husband who
ceaselessly seeks for his felicities abroad,
who prefers the public house, the club, or
boon companions, to the society of his
family, then we are assured that in some
way the home, which ought to be first in
his affections, has failed to assert that do-
minion over his heart which, if rightly
conducted, it would have been sure to do.
The average American interior is op-
pressively dreary. Men eat and sleep in
their houses because it is more convenient
to sleep and eat there than elsewhere; but
beyond this, the ordinary "roof-tree" is
utterly without attractions. It is without
attractions, not so much from neglect as
from a perverse determination that its
whole economy shall be of the most pinch-
ed, stinted, narrow, and cheerless charac-
ter, such as only dull imagination, false
economy, cold sympathies, and selfish
tastes, can make it.

Go into our towns and villages and see
the so-called homes. Watch and discover
the theory under which so many of them
are conducted. A window is never opened;
a door never stands ajar. During the
day the glorious sun is never permitted
to enter their darkened chambers; at
night a feeble light through a window
shows how the family dimly borrow in
a corner. Enter, and you will discover
that the house is hospitable to the stranger,
and gives no indication that it is meant
to be enjoyed by its inmates. The par-
lors are chill with an atmosphere that
rarely knows a human presence. The
passages echo the sound of your footfall as
if startled by the unusual intrusion. The
women are gathered in the kitchen, where
the stove-heated air and the odors of the
cuisine are sickening and unwholesome;
and the men are anywhere out of the house
—anywhere to escape the appalling dead-
ness that settles upon the place.

In these homes, the women would rather
be alone than share the day at the
post-office, the village-store, or the ale-
house, than let the submissives enter their
parlors and fade the carpets. They would
rather their sons and husbands should at
night enjoy the good cheer of the public
house, than light an extra candle, build a
glowing fire, or permit social hilarity
within the awful shadows of their shut up
apartments. In these homes the whole
art is to discover the art of not to live.
To keep all things neat, and orderly, and
circumpect; to present no flaw for the
edification of Mrs. Grundy; to suppress
all impulses, all tastes, all pleasures, all
heartiness, all life—these things seem to
be the great purpose of the ascetic women
who control them. It is no wonder that
men escape from them, and prefer even
the coarse amusements of the public house
—for to live is the necessity of the mas-
culine nature, and any form of life is better
than starchy and chill.

Women who have sons to rear and
dread the demoralizing influences of bad
associations, ought to understand the nature
of young manhood. It is excessively
restless. It is disturbed by vague ambi-
tions, by thirst for action, by longing for
excitement, by irrepressible desires to
touch life in manifold ways. If you,
mothers, rear your sons so that their homes
are associated with the repression of these
natural instincts, you will be sure to throw
them into the society that in any measure
can supply the need of their hermits. They
will not go to public-houses, at first, for
lack of liquor—very few persons, ever
really like the taste of liquor—they will
go for the animated and hilarious compan-

ionship they find there, which, they dis-
cover, does so much to repress the dis-
turbance restless in their breasts. See to
it, then, that their homes compete with
public places in attractiveness. Open
your blinds by day, and light bright fires
at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang
pictures upon the walls. Put books and
newspapers upon your tables. Have music
and entertaining games. Banish those
demons of dullness and apathy that have
so long ruled in your household, and
bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent
occupations for your sons. Stimulate their
ambitions in worthy directions. While
you make home their delight, fill them
with higher purposes than mere pleasure.
Whether they shall pass happy boyhoods,
and enter upon manhood with refined
tastes and noble ambitions, depends upon
you. Do not blame miserable bar-keepers
if your sons miscarry. Believe it pos-
sible that, with exertion and right means,
a mother may have more control over the
destiny of her boys than any other in-
fluence whatsoever.

So we say to these crusading women:
Return to your homes! Scorn the thought
that you cannot make your households
more delightful than bar-rooms. Banish
your narrow asceticism. Make your re-
ligion a source of cheerfulness, and not
of gloom. Convert your houses into
temples of innocent pleasure. Be bright
and stimulating companions to your hus-
bands and sons. Understand at once that
badly-kept homes have driven more men
into irregularities than anything else,
and upon you mainly rests the responsi-
bility for the evils thus arising.

We are not asserting that intemperance
would end with the change in the policy
of women that we have proposed. Intem-
perance often comes of causes too subtle for
human analysis. But it is asserted that
intemperance is promoted by dram-shops;
and it is this influence, this cause of in-
temperance, that women are entirely com-
petent to remove, by seeing that the
hearth-stone shall be more seductive than
the ale-house.

The Value of Time.

One fine morning when Benj. Franklin
was busy preparing his new paper for the
press, a lounger stepped into the store and
spent an hour or more looking over the
books, &c. Finally taking one in his
hand, he asked the price.

"One dollar," said he. Can't you take
less than that?"

"No, indeed; that is the price."

Another hour was nearly passed when
the lounger said:

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him."

The boy immediately informed Mr.
Franklin that there was a gentleman in
the store waiting to see him.

Franklin was soon behind the counter,
when the lounger, book in hand, address-
ed him thus:

"Franklin, what is the lowest you can
take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter."

"One dollar and a quarter! Why,
your young man asked only one dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could
have better afforded to take a dollar than
to have been taken out of the office."

The lounger seemed surprised, and
wishing to end the parley of his own mak-
ing, said:

"Come, Mr. Franklin, what is the low-
est you can take for it?"

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you of-
fered it yourself for a dollar and a quar-
ter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had bet-
ter have taken that than a dollar and a
half now."

The lounger paid down the price and
went about his business—if he had any—
and Franklin returned to the printing of-
fice.

Look Before You Sign.—Years ago
Buffalo delighted in a wag named Fred
Emmons, and these suggestions have
brought to my remembrance an exploit of
his: Friends were discussing the thought-
lessness with which intelligent persons at-
tach their names to petitions, and Fred
undertook to prove that he could procure
the signatures of the best men to the most
absurd request. At that time there was
a large sun-dial in front of the church on
Main St. It had been there long enough
to be weather-beaten. So Fred drew up
his petition to the Common Council of the
city asking for a shield over the sun-dial,
to preserve it from the effects of the rain
and sun. He circulated and presented it
to the Board of Aldermen with the names
of more than two thousand persons (some
of the best in the city) signed to it.

An affected young lady, reading the Bi-
ble, exclaimed: "Mother here is a gram-
matical error in the Bible." Mother look-
ing her spectacles and apprehending the
reader in a very scrutinizing attitude, re-
plied: "Kill it! kill it! it is the very thing that
has been eating the leaves and book
marks."

LETTERS

To the Boys and Girls of the Middle- town Academy, Delaware.

BY REV. JOSEPH WILSON.
No. XI.—THE PURPOSE OF GOD IN CREATION.

My Young Friends.—You may be some-
times inclined to ask the question—"For
what purpose were all the worlds created
that we see and know to exist in the uni-
verse?"

This is a very natural question, and I
know of no better answer than that can be
given to it, than the Bible gives. In Rev.
IV. 11, it is said—"For thou hast cre-
ated all things, and for thy pleasure they
are and were created." We are not to
understand this as meaning that God cre-
ated all things for his own gratification
merely, without any reference to the well-
being of his creatures. Instead of "for thy
ple

